



## Suppose That You Were Investing in a MAN—

Wouldn't you dig a good deal deeper than his *clothes* to get your inventory?

Put clothes of character on a characterless man and he is helped a lot. Put characterless clothes on a man of character and he is hurt a lot. But find a character combination of clothes and man, and *you have found your man!*

Now, in determining what's back of clothes, one must proceed just as in determining what's back of the man in the clothes. Exterior appearances are one thing; *but what's beneath?*

We see that which purports to be right style. How long will it be right style? We see a fabric which looks all wool. How much of it would a sheep own? We see lines that are taut. How many storms will they weather? The real trouble is we don't see the *insides*, wherein is concealed the mainspring of *clothes* character.

Stein-Bloch men's clothes are fashioned, made and sold *from the inside out*. For more than half a century the ardent aim has been that no stitch shall go into them that is not an honest stitch; no thread of fabric that is not an honest thread; no line that is not a right line; no intention that is not a right intention.

That, gentlemen, spells character—*from the inside out*.

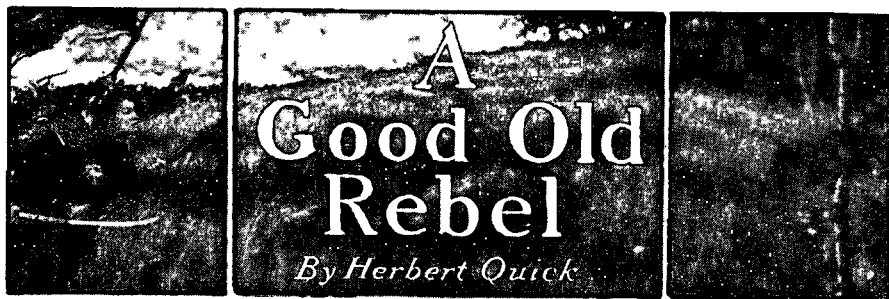
The Stein-Bloch Co.  
Rochester, N. Y.

New York

Boston

Chicago

This label marks the smartest ready-to-wear clothes



WHAT is a ballad? Any high-school girl—and even some high-school boys—could tell. But the high-school definition would scarcely satisfy the American Folklore Society. Is "The Wreck of the Hesperus" a ballad? It has the ballad form, and is very, very popular. But it is not a traditional ballad, for the reason that we know its author, and it stands as he wrote it. In the true meaning of the word "vulgar," it is not a vulgar ballad, as is, for instance, that song of Young Charlotte, who lived on a mountain side in a wild and dreary spot, who perversely insisted on going to a dance without sufficient wraps, and was frozen to death by her escort's side for her vanity. Some of our older readers remember this sad tale.

Dr. H. M. Belden of the University of Missouri, who is making a collection of the ballads of the Southwest, thinks that this definition of the vulgar or traditional ballad is a useful one, though he does not accept it unreservedly: The traditional ballad differs in style and in origin from other poetry. It has no author—at least no single author. It springs from the homogeneous dancing throng. Among its peculiarities are the absence of the personal note, of reflection, and of conscious artistry.

All of which leads us to remark that we have been overwhelmed by the flood of replies to an editorial request for the remainder of what we supposed was a real American ballad in which an unreconstructed rebel declares that while he had caught the rheumatism a-fighting in the snow, he'd like to take his musket an' go an' fight some mo'. That reference touched the chords of memory in hundreds who had never seen the verses in print, and were even ignorant of the fact that they were ever printed.

But, alas! the quotation is not from a "vulgar" or traditional ballad—dozens of readers have shown us that. It is from a poem written by Major Innes Randolph, a member of General J. E. B. Stuart's staff, and a native of Virginia. He removed to Baltimore shortly after the war, and was a well-known member of artistic literary and musical circles in that city. He was a poet and essayist, rather than a ballad writer; but it is safe to say that few American ballads have had a wider vogue as real "traditional" ballads than his "Good Old Rebel"—which follows:



"And I don't want no pardon  
For what I was and am"

A volume of Major Randolph's poems was edited by his son, Mr. Harold Randolph, director of the Peabody Conservatory of Music, and published by the Williams & Wilkins Company of Baltimore in 1898. But "The Good Old Rebel" had long before that date gone into the songs of the people. It may have been, as is suggested by Mr. Richard N. Brooke of Washington, D. C., "a bit of fun, not supposed to reflect Major Randolph's own sentiments, but to illustrate the irreconcilable spirit of the illiterate element in some sections"; but if so, it was too successful for mere fun. It so embodied the bitterness of the reconstruction epoch—a bitterness which was created by oppression—that it was sung (to the old Forty-niners' tune of "Joe Bowers") by millions who never heard of Major Randolph.

Among the numerous readers who have very kindly sent us versions of the poem, only seven had any idea apparently as to its authorship—Senator W. E. Chilton of West Virginia; Mr. H. M. Chase of Wilmington, N. C.; Mr. Brooke, Laura Lee Davidson, and Mr. C. Powell Noland of Baltimore; Mr. G. L. Franks of Shreveport, La., and Berry Lee Priddie of Huntington, W. Va. Mrs. (or Miss?) Davidson says that

the song has been sung "in many a Southern parlor in the bitter days of reconstruction; and to have heard the author himself sing it is a joy to be held in remembrance." She also informs us that once the Duchess of Manchester (then Lady Mandeville) sang "The Good Old Rebel" at a London reception, and was rewarded by repeated encores from the Prince of Wales, who called it "that fine American song with the cuss words in it."

But the ballad is truly traditionalized by the fact that it has run through all sorts of forms. We are not sure that we have given the name chosen by its talented author. Some readers call it by one name and some by another. Among the various versions of it, scarcely two are alike. We have chosen one sent in by a friend who appears to have the printed form, but we are not at all sure that it is not altered. One change made in the interest of effective singing is the repetition of the last two lines as a refrain, with a sharp accent on the first word of the refrain. It has passed from mouth to ear, and not from page to eye. Mr. Frank E. Cuddy of Baltimore sends



## The Good Old Rebel



Oh, I'm a good old Rebel,  
Now that's just what I am;  
For this "fair land of Freedom"

I do not care a dam.  
I'm glad I fit against it—  
I only wish we'd won.  
And I don't want no pardon  
For anything I've done.

I hates the Constitution,  
This great Republic, too;  
I hates the Freedmen's Buro,  
In uniforms of blue.  
I hates the nasty eagle,  
With all his brag and fuss;  
But the lyin', thievin' Yan-  
kees,  
I hates 'em wuss and wuss.

I hates the Yankee Nation  
And everything they do;  
I hates the Declaration  
Of Independence, too.  
I hates the glorious Union,  
'Tis dripping with our blood;  
And I hates the striped ban-  
ner—  
I fit it all I could.

I followed old Mars' Robert  
For four year, near about.  
Got wounded in three places,  
And starved at Pint Look-  
I cotch the roomatism [out.  
A-campin' in the snow,  
But I killed a chance of Yan-  
kees—  
And I'd liketo kill somemo.

Three hundred thousand Yan-  
kees  
Is stiff in Southern dust;  
We got three hundred thousand  
Befo' they conquered us.  
They died of Southern fever  
And Southern steel and shot;  
And I wish it was three millions  
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket  
And fight 'em now no mo',  
But I ain't agoin' to love  
'em,  
Now that is sartin' sho';  
And I don't want no pardon  
For what I was and am;  
And I won't be reconstructed.  
And I don't care a dam.

us the poem as he remembers it, having often heard it recited in his youth. Mr. W. S. Thomas of Texarkana, Tex., can remember only three stanzas from hearing his father and other old soldiers sing it. These three stanzas contain lines from all parts of the poem—showing the ballad in process of metamorphosis by oral tradition. Mr. E. W. Carr of New Orleans emphasizes the conversion of the last two lines into a refrain, and evidently relies on hearing rather than sight for the words. Mr. Arthur Bradley of Cleveland, Ohio, "never saw it in print," but sends a version dictated to him by a friend. He gives only five stanzas. Mr. Samuel N. Dickey of Marshfield, Mo., sends a version much like Mr. Thomas's and is convinced that it was written by a Missouri Confederate "who was probably vaccinated for reconstruction, but which vaccination evidently failed to 'take.'"

#### Passions of Long Ago

MR. JOHN WEYMOUTH of Hampton, Va., sends us a complete copy from an old scrapbook. "No author is given," he writes, "but it is supposed to have been sung with great effect by one Gregory, a sort of wandering minstrel of the Confederacy, who used to go about the country after the Civil War singing this and other songs." Here we have a glimpse of a Confederate representative of the type of singer to which Jules Lombard belonged in the North.

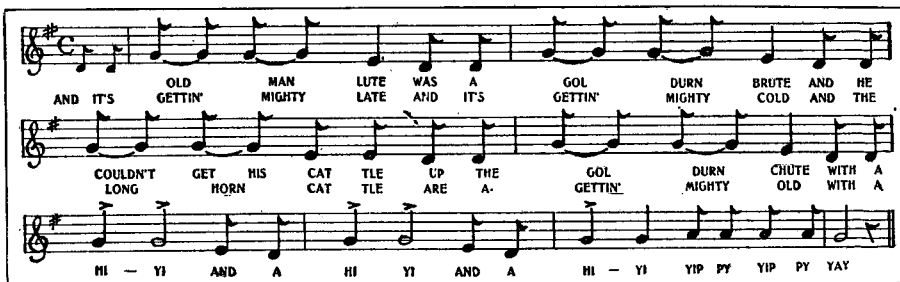
"This is the song," writes Mr. J. C. Tucker of Afton, Okla., "as I learned it from my father as I sat on his knees." Mr. C. W. Purcell of Middlesboro, Ky., draws upon the memory of his mother, "who lived in Virginia, and went through the reconstruction period." "It gives a very correct idea," says Mr. Purcell, "of the feeling which existed at that time, and which we are all happy to say has died a natural death." Mr. C. B. Lower of Washington, D. C., gives a version which he got from an old Confederate veteran about thirty years ago. "I have contributed to the pleasure of many lit-

Major E. M. Supplee of the United States army, of Hollywood, Cal., who sends it to us. He received it at Anniston, Ala., in 1899 when he was mustering out the volunteers of the war with Spain. Mr. J. E. Wasson of Hilger, Mont., learned the song by hearing it soon after the war. Mr. Horace Kinne of New York City heard it in a Michigan lumber camp forty years ago, and through the kindness of Mr. S. M. Stowe sends us one of the most accurate versions derived from recollection. Mr. J. H. Morehead of Chicago learned the song as a student in the University of North Carolina, twenty or twenty-five years ago. One contributor to this discussion asserts that the poem was first read in the celebrated White-chapel Club in Chicago. Other interesting versions have come from Mr. William Vizard of Mobile, Ala.; Mr. George E. Oliver of Delhi, N. Y.; P. T. Conrad of Richmond, Va.; Mr. George B. Eager of the Department of Law of the University of Virginia; Mr. J. H. Morehead; Mr. B. J. Mullaney of Chicago, and Mr. W. T. Tabb of Jersey City.

Mr. J. D. Atwood of Artesia, N. Mex., makes a point of the fact that the ballad is a protest, not a lament. "There has been only one reconstruction period," he writes, "in the history of the world. Let us hope there will never be another." Amen!

#### A Cattle Country Ballad

THE South is the richest field for the folklore lover; but the cattle country has its "vulgar ballads" also. In a Missouri River town, one night, the members of a high-school literary club walked down the street at that awful hour which just precedes the departure of the last street car for the suburbs. They were making a night of it. They were full of ham sandwiches, coffee, and the wine of youth. The sleepy policeman on his beat was startled by a wild and barbaric chant. It had in it the monotonous lilt of the Indian war song, and that semi-Indian, semifrontiersman "yip" of the cowboy. And these were the blood-curdling words:

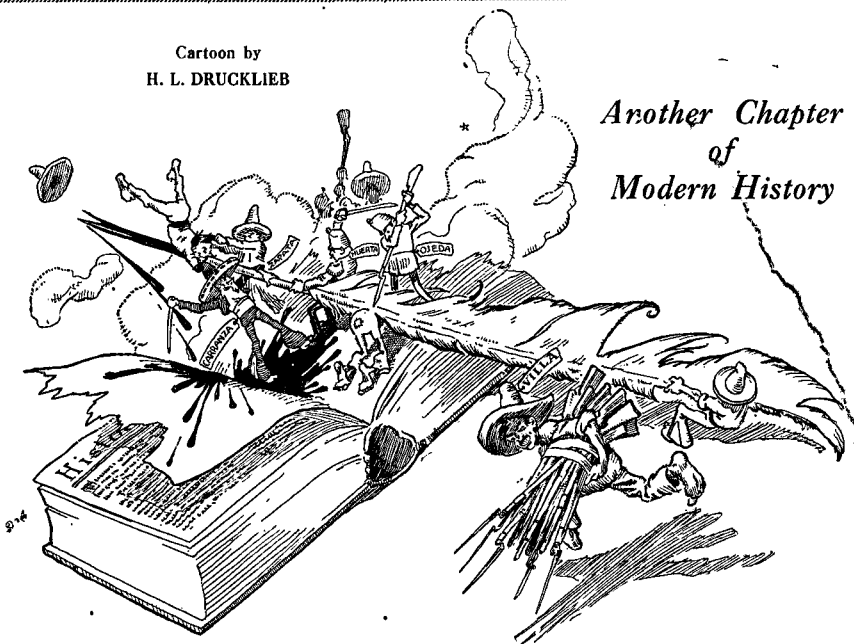


tle gatherings of both Confederate and Union veterans," says Mr. Lower, "by reciting this poem, and feel that your readers will pardon the slight touch of profanity for the sake of getting a glimpse into the heart of the genuine old unrepentant, unreconstructed rebel who gloried in the fact, and of whom there are only a few more left." We join in this hope. Surely it is worth while to look into the hearts of men—especially when these feelings were a national fact of such great moment.

The song is now a very concrete reminder of passions long dead. For instance, it was an old rebel, but a present lover of the flag, who gave the song to

None of the boys knew where the song came from. It was their society song. It has the characteristics of a real ballad. It is of the West, Western. It has the meter which falls in with the beat of a horse's feet as he trots or paces. It belongs to the cow country—and the period after the appearance of the loading chute at the railway. Try it on your piano. Note the syncopations—and believe the assertion that when yelled into the midnight air of that Western city it was as effective a thing in ensemble singing as you are likely to hear. We place this in nomination as a real American ballad of the vulgar traditional sort, and invite additions or refutations.

Cartoon by  
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



Another Chapter  
of  
Modern History

## It's easy to make them strong enough to guarantee, but you want your socks to fit perfectly

EVERY well-dressed man likes to have his socks fit snug at the ankle—it gives a neat, clean-cut appearance. Bachelors' Friend Socks hug the ankles and conform tightly to the shape of the leg.

These socks look dressy, feel soft and smooth to the skin and give every possible comfort to the foot.

### Bachelors' Friend SOCKS

Reg. U. S. Patent Office and Canada

have a genuine French welt at the top of the leg—the best welt ever knitted on a seamless sock—prevents the garter from ripping and stretching the sock at the top.

Though Bachelors' Friend Socks are priced and guaranteed just the same as ordinary guaranteed hose, it is strictly on their quality that we ask you to buy them.

Sizes, 9's to 12's—all leading colors—four grades.

Put up in boxes containing 2, 3 and 4 pairs at \$1.00 per box, according to quality. Every pair guaranteed 30 days.

SPECIAL—In addition to the above line we make the lightest weight guaranteed gauze socks—box of 3 pairs guaranteed 3 months, \$1.00.

If not at your dealer's, order direct, at the same time giving us the name and address of your dealer, so that we can arrange for your future wants.

JOS. BLACK & SONS CO.  
York, Pa.

